

# Dennis

# The

# MENACE



No. 17  
10¢



*Keith*

# Dennis THE MENACE



"LOOK, PALS, IF I PLAY 'DODDIE' IN THE WINDOW ONCE MORE, WILL YOU GO AWAY?"



"MUMM, THAT FRIED CHICKEN! I CAN SMELL IT THROUGH ALL THAT WAX PAPER AND THE PICNIC BASKET!"



"GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY I SHOULD WEAR COBLES ON A HOT DAY?"



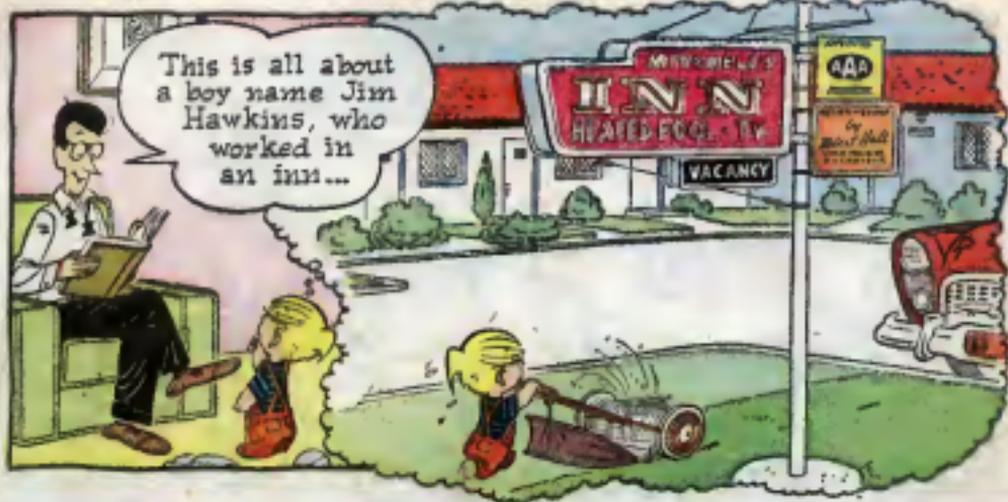
"DON'T YOU PEOPLE EVER SLEEP?"

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ONE DAY A MAN WHO HAD BEEN A PIRATE CAME TO STAY AT THE INN...

... AND JIM FOUND OUT THAT HE HAD A TREASURE MAP!



THEN SOME OTHER MEN CAME TO STEAL THE MAP...

... BUT JIM RAN AWAY WITH IT TO HIS FRIEND SQUIRE TRELAWNEY.



**THE SQUIRE WANTED HIS FRIEND, DR LIVESEY TO HELP FIND THE TREASURE.**



**SO THEY WENT TO SEE THE DOCTOR WITH THE MAP**



**THE THREE OF THEM DECIDED TO GET A SHIP AND FIND THE TREASURE.**



**THEY BOUGHT A SAILING SHIP AND HIRED A CAPTAIN... NOW THEY NEEDED A CREW.**



**THEN LONG JOHN SILVER CAME ALONG WITH SOME SAILORS.**



**AND AWAY THEY SAILED FOR TREASURE ISLAND!**



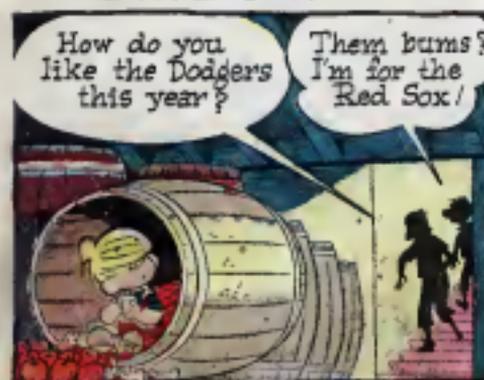
**JIM GOT TO BE FRIENDLY WITH LONG JOHN WHO WAS THE COOK.**



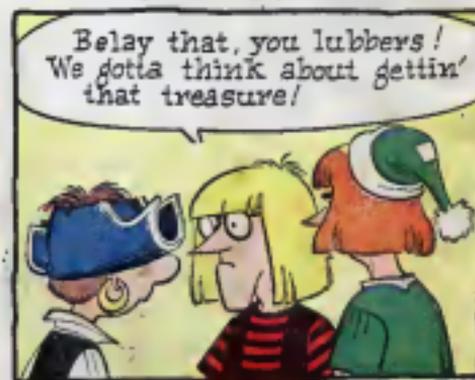
**LONG JOHN HAD A PARROT THAT ALWAYS SAID "PIECES OF EIGHT!"**



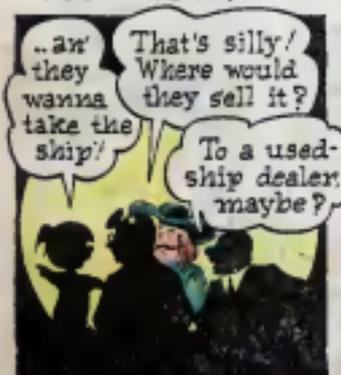
**ONE DAY, JIM WAS DOWN IN THE APPLE BARREL...**



**... WHEN HE LEARNED THAT ALL THE CREW WERE PIRATES!**



**JIM TOLD THE OTHERS ABOUT THE PIRATES.**



**BUT BEFORE THE PIRATES COULD TAKE THE SHIP, THEY REACHED TREASURE ISLAND**



THEN THE CAPTAIN THOUGHT OF A WAY TO GET RID OF THE PIRATES.



You go with 'em so's they won't suspect anything. Then slip away an' meet us at the fort!

Shore leave everybody!

YAY!

YIPPEE!

Yeah! We'll fool 'em!

THE PIRATES LANDED ON THE BEACH, AND JIM RAN OFF BY HIMSELF.



HEY! We want you to help us find the treasure!

YAAH! That's what YOU think!

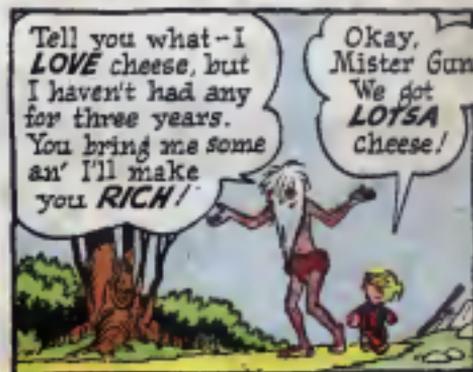
...AND HE CAME ON A STRANGE, WILD-LOOKING MAN WHO HAD BEEN LEFT THERE BY PIRATES.



My name's Ben Gunn, boy, and I've been on this island three years!

BOY! That's a LONG vacation!

BEN GUNN SEEMED TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE TREASURE!



Tell you what - I LOVE cheese, but I haven't had any for three years. You bring me some an' I'll make you RICH!

Okay, Mister Gunn! We got LOTS of cheese!

SOON AFTER JIM REACHED THE FORT WHERE HIS FRIENDS WERE, THE PIRATES ATTACKED. THERE WAS A BIG FIGHT AND THE PIRATES WERE DRIVEN OFF. BUT JIM WAS CAPTURED!



You're dead!

Am not! I oughta know!

BANG!

FRING!

GOTCHA!

UNCLE!

I know you're outta caps, Dennis!

Hey! I'm on YOUR side!

Okay, I Give up!

**THE PIRATES MADE JIM LEAD THEM TO THE TREASURE.**



**BUT WHEN THEY GOT TO WHERE IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE TREASURE WAS GONE!**



**JIM'S FRIENDS FOUND HIM AND THEY CAPTURED ALL THE PIRATES EASILY.**



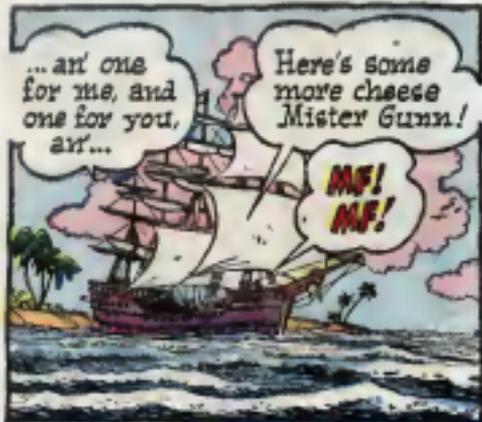
**BEN GUNN WAS THEIR ONLY CHANCE TO GET THE TREASURE NOW!**



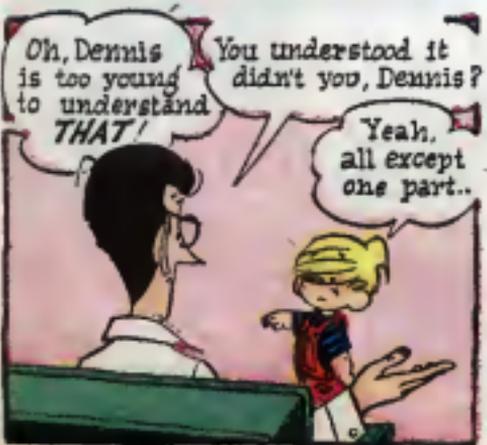
**AND HE FINALLY AGREED TO GIVE IT TO THEM**



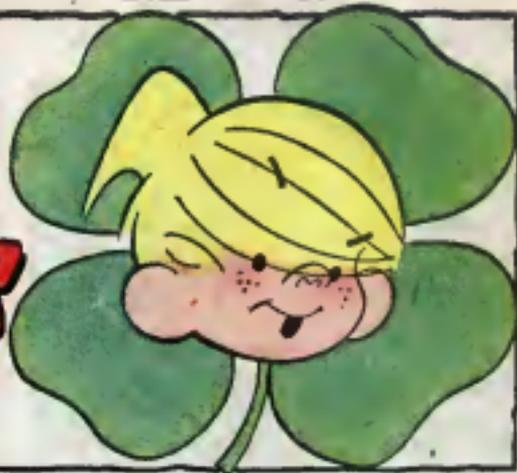
SO THEY SAILED FOR HOME WITH THE TREASURE.



THE PIRATES WERE SENT TO JAIL, BUT JIM ASKED THEM TO SPARE LONG JOHN.



# Lucky Dennis





Here kitty, Kitty

NO, DENNIS!  
That's a **BLACK** cat!



I won't let him hurt ya Dad!

Don't let it cross your path!  
Let's go around this corner!



**OOF!**

WHY DON'T YA WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', BUD!

I-I'm sorry. You see...

He was runnin' away from a little ol' Kitty!



Those are **SILLY** rules, Dad!

Well, they're just superstitions... but there's no use taking chances!



My palm itches we must be going to get some money

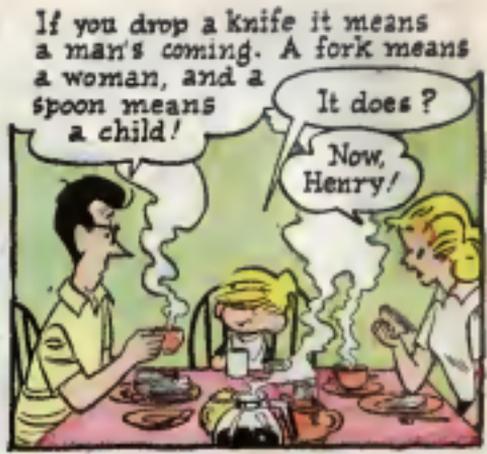
You keep your itchy hands offa my piggy bank!



Lunch is ready. We're having...

HEY! Company's coming!

I didn't hear the doorbell!



If you drop a knife it means a man's coming. A fork means a woman, and a spoon means a child!

It does?

Now, Henry!



You shouldn't fill Dennis up with all those superstitions!

Well, it's Friday the 13th, and...



What's the big idea?

I want **LOTS**A people to come! We'll have a party!



It was **YOUR** idea, Henry... **YOU** can wash them later

Hmm!

Well, where's all the people?



# The KILLER-CAT



"GET up, there!" The big mare leaned into the traces and the plow moved forward. Young Jeff Donnell guided the plow skillfully, but he felt no satisfaction at the neat furrow of rich earth as he trudged up the hill. He didn't mind working on his folks' farm after school, because he wanted to be a farmer more than anything else.

What he didn't like was plowing up and down the slope of the land, because he knew it was all wrong. He had tried to tell his father what he had learned at the 4-H Club about plowing across the slope, so that the valuable soil wouldn't wash away when it rained, but his father just said, "This is the way this farm has always been plowed and this is the way it always will!"

At the top of the rise, he came on his father repairing the rail fence. There was a stern look on his face, so Jeff didn't say anything more about how to plow. His father worked so hard trying to make the little farm pay that he didn't talk much. This time he said briefly to Jeff, "Don't go out past the fence today," and went back to work.

As Jeff turned and went back down the hill, he wondered what was wrong, but he had learned not to question his serious-natured father. And besides, down at the bottom of the hill was his pride and joy, a small shed, neatly

whitewashed, with a trim wire fence in front of it enclosing the yard for his twelve White Leghorn hens and the big white rooster.

This was Jeff's 4-H Club project and much more than that. It was the beginning of what their farm ought to be some day, a modern chicken ranch. They wouldn't have just a few Reds and Rocks, such as they now had for their own use, but White Leghorns, thousands of them, for the big white eggs that brought premium prices. That's the way it would be if Jeff's father would ever listen to him.

Jeff halted the plow horse, then went forward to look over his fowl. The hens looked up at him brightly, well-fed and healthy. The rooster must be in the little house. "Here, Billy!" Jeff called. But the big rooster didn't rush out as he usually did. Worried, Jeff entered the house, searching the place with a glance. The rooster, his main hope for the beginning of a chicken business, was gone!

Jeff hurried out and looked over the rail fence into the woods beyond. Once the rooster had flown over the chicken yard fence. He must have done it again. Jeff climbed over the fence and plunged into the dark woods, calling for the rooster.

Suddenly, he stopped! He remembered his father's telling him, for some mysterious reason, not to go beyond the fence today. But this was important, not only to Jeff, but to his father as well, because the rooster was of a famous strain and Jeff had bought him with his own money, hard-earned at chores, to start the business that would benefit the whole family.

He pressed on through the woods, looking under bushes, searching for the splash of white that would tell him where his bird was. And at last he saw it! But when he got near the spot, there were only a few torn feathers lying on the ground. Some animal must have made off with his bird! A twig snapped behind him and Jeff whirled, his heart pounding.

It was his father, his face dark with displeasure. "What did I tell you about not going past the fence?" he demanded.

"Gosh, Dad, I forgot! When I saw my rooster was gone, I just had to go looking for him!"

"There are things more important than chickens!" his father said sternly, pushing past him and crouching over the feathers.

"But he's the most important thing to me!" Jeff said. "And he could be to all of us, if you'd . . ."

"Come here, son," his father said quietly. "Look at this!" Jeff looked to where his father

was pointing and his eyes widened. Pressed in the ground were tracks of an animal's paws, tracks that were faintly familiar to Jeff. He had seen something like these before somewhere. Then he remembered, the tiny paw marks of his kitten. These were the same, but they were huge, four or five inches across!

"It's a mountain lion!" his father said. "That's what I meant by something more important than chickens. And why I told you not to go past the fence. Let's get out of these woods!"

As they headed back to the farm, his father eyed the bushes watchfully. "I just heard this morning that a cat had been spotted around here," he said, "He's a big one, son, bigger than you are. And he limps. He's been wounded at some time, so that he can't hunt in the woods. He'll be around for chickens and anything else he can kill."

They climbed the fence together, and safely on their farm Jeff said, "Boy, I hope somebody catches that big old cat pretty soon!"

"Somebody!" his father echoed. "You mean me."

"Why should it be you, Dad?" Jeff said in alarm. "You said, yourself, he might be dangerous. Why don't the sheriff or somebody . . ."

"The sheriff will be around, all right, but we've had a custom around here ever since this country was settled. Every man protects his own farm. Maybe that's old-fashioned," he smiled grimly, "like some of my farming methods, but it works. Now, I'll want one of your hens to stake out back there tonight."

"One of mine!" Jeff protested. "Gosh, Dad, the mountain lion'll get it! Why can't you use one of our old Plymouth Rocks? Mine are too . . ."

"Yours are white," his father reminded him. "Maybe this old cat can't see well and a gray chicken doesn't show up very well at night. And besides, I want to know where the cat is jumping. The first shot has to count, or . . ."

"Okay, Dad! Sure! But I still don't see why it has to be you!"

"Supper time, son." And Jeff followed his father toward the house, more worried than he had ever been. His ideas on modern farming and his little flock of White Leghorns, didn't seem so important any more.

His father ate silently, and Jeff didn't know if he had said anything to his mother, so he didn't say anything either. Later, he couldn't keep his mind on his homework, because his father was oiling up the deer rifle and in bed

that night, Jeff tossed and turned, unable to sleep as he thought of his father crouched in the dark woods, waiting for the frightened squawk that meant a vicious killer was about to pounce.

Suddenly, a rifle shot rang out, then another. Jeff leaped out of bed and ran to the kitchen. His mother had the lights already on, and was peering out the window. Jeff rushed to the door, but his mother stopped him. "Stay here, Jeff! IT may be out there!"

"But, hut what about Dad?"

"He has the rifle. And he's a good shot. He'll be all right."

It must have been only a few minutes, but it seemed to Jeff like hours before the door opened and his father stepped in, smiling grimly. "Got him," he said briefly.

"Gosh, I'm glad you're okay, Dad!" Jeff burst out. "I'm sorry about always telling you how to run the farm. You sure know how to take care of us, all right!"

"I was thinking, sitting out there in the woods," his father said slowly. "The State gives a bounty of fifty dollars for a mountain lion. Suppose we take that, get some White Leghorn baby chicks and really go into the chicken business right?"

"Boy, that'll be swell, Dad! I know a lot about it and I'll learn a lot more! First thing, we'll buy some brooders to raise the chicks and . . ."

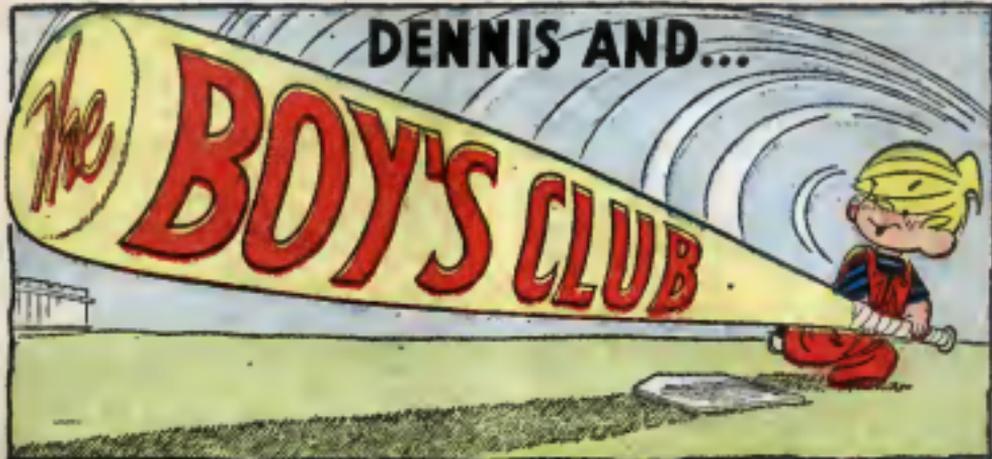
"What do you mean, buy some? We'll make them out of sheet metal and heating units!"

Jeff stared at him. "That's what it says in my 4-H books! You've been looking at them!"

"And tomorrow," his father smiled, "when we get back to plowing, let's plow across the hill instead of up and down. It's easier that way and I think everything's going to be a lot easier around here from now on!"



DENNIS AND...





Tell you what.. I'll leave him at the **BOY'S CLUB** while I do a little shopping.

All right, just so you go **SOMEWHERE!**



Glad I thought of this! Did you know the **BOY'S CLUBS OF AMERICA** are **50** years old this year?

No foolin'? That's pretty old for boys, huh?



Ma'n Tommy have a club, too!

That so? What do you call it?



We call it **ME'N TOMMY'S CLUB**... What did ya think?

*Ammon!* I should have **KNOWN!**



Hello, Jack. How's the club going?

Just fine, Mr. Mitchell! This is Dennis' first visit, isn't it?

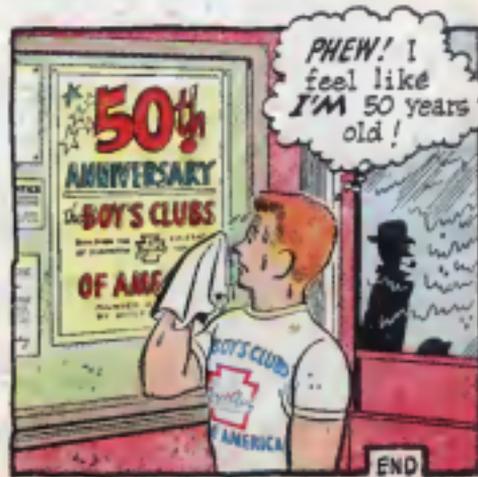
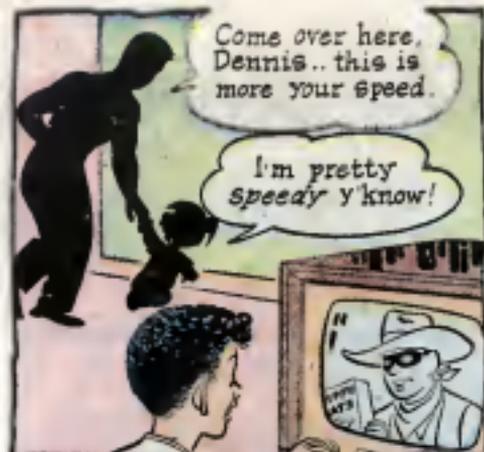


Yes, I thought he could look the club over while I do a little shopping.

*Swell!* I'll be glad to take care of him.

Who's gonna take care of **YOU?**





**HERE WE GO AGAIN, KIDS!**  
**-ANOTHER PAGE FOR YOU TO COLOR!**



# SCREAMY

# Mimi

Is there any reply, Madame?

Just a minute I'll see.



This *IS* a surprise, Mimi! Your Grandma is flying in tonight to see us!

She is?



Er.. thank you. There's no reply.

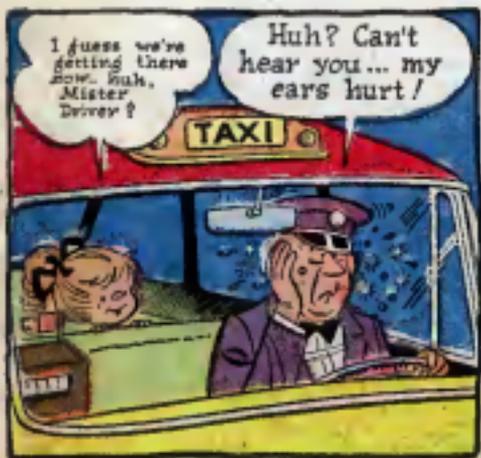
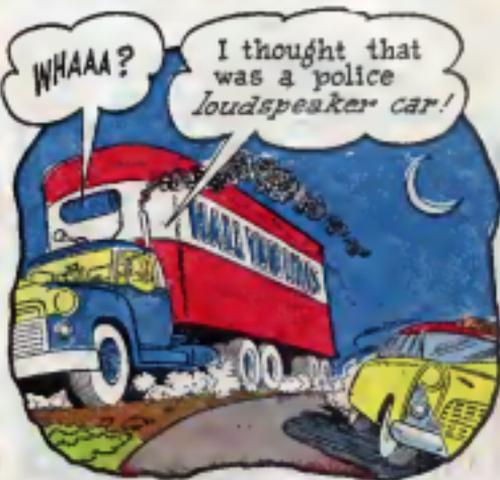
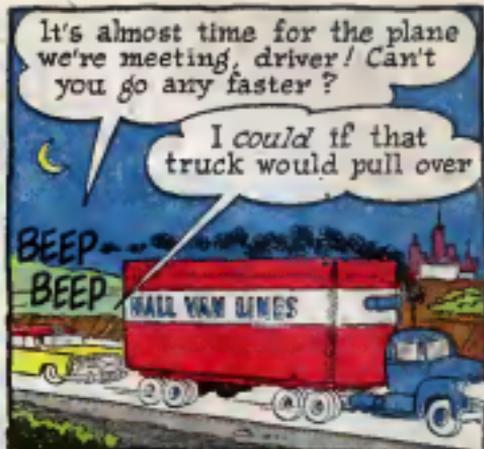
Uh-huh.. okay... yes, ma'am...



I don't want *ANY* of your yelling while Grandma's here.. *UNDERSTAND?*

Yes, Mama. I'll try not to.

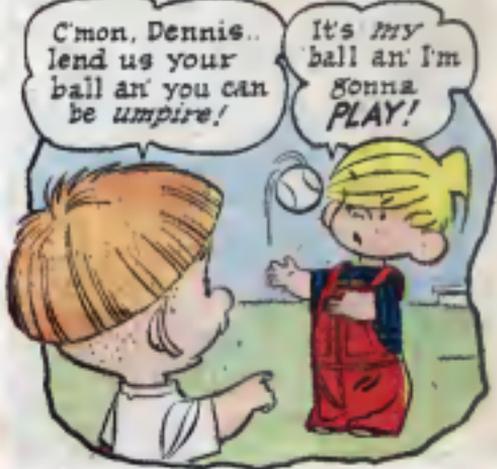
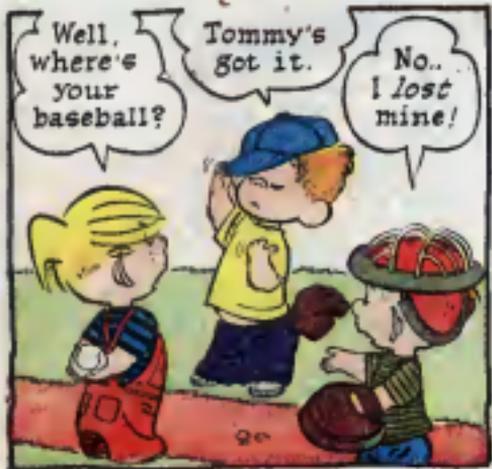








# RUFF





Okay, Ruff.. I'll do the hittin' and you do the runnin'!



**CRACK!**

AW, HE GOT 'RIGHT IN RUFFS' WAY!

**HEY!**  
THAT'S INTERFERENCE!



...and in the last **RUFF** inning...

Just hit one to Ruff an' we'll win the game!

Well he's tryin'!



**WHACK!**

THAT'LL DO IT!

**HEY!**  
HE'S GETTIN' IT!



**NO, RUFF!**  
**NOT ME! I'M DENNIS..**  
**'MEMBER?**



HE GOTCHA OUT BY A MILE!

**DENNIS!**  
**SUPPER'S READY!**

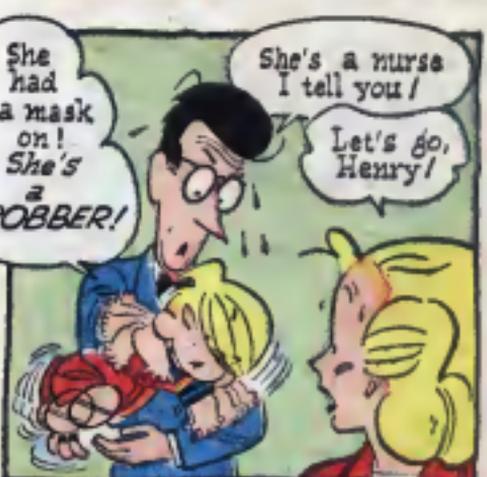


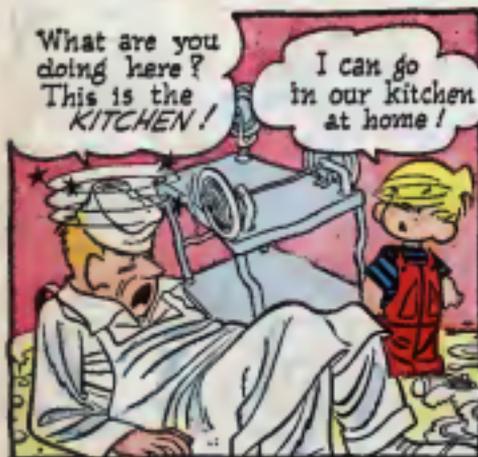
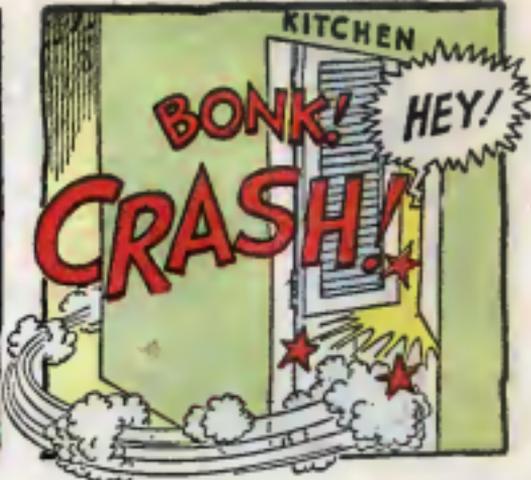
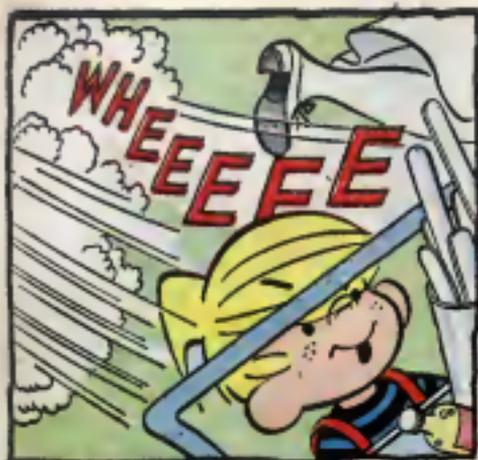
An' I thought you was my best friend!

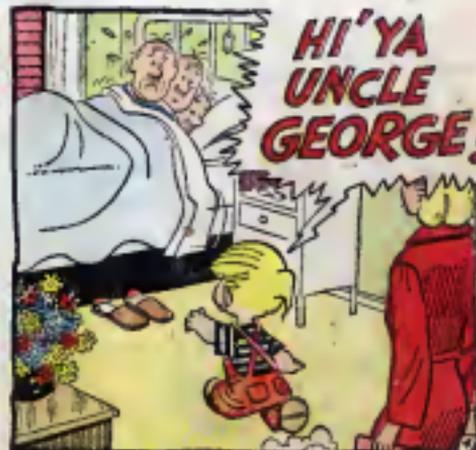


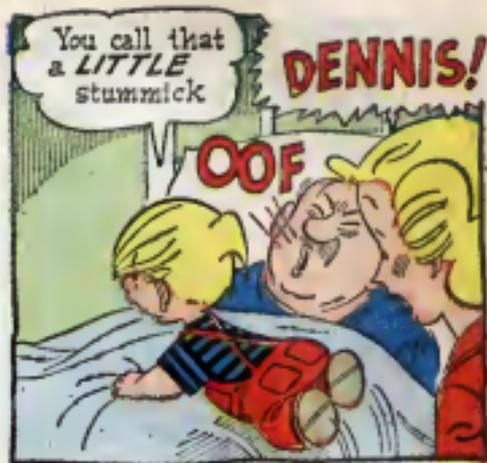
END













I'VE GOT HIM ALICE

HEY!  
YOU'RE HURTIN' ME

COMING, MR. WILLARD!

HELP!



What's going on here?

It's all right, nurse! We're just leaving!

HELP!



Now, Mr Willard! Mustn't get excited!

I'm not excited! I'm bent out of shape!

Sorry, George! Hope you're out soon!



Let's stop and look at the babies on the way out

Well... all right!



Want me to lift you up, Den... Dennis?

HENRY!  
LOOK!



Biggest darn baby I ever saw!

**N**ow YOU can draw Dennis' Mother!  
Just follow the numbered dots  
with your pencil!



# Dennis THE MENACE



"BOY, WHAT A BIG, FAT FLY HE WAS!"



"YOU SHOULD SEE MY DAD'S GARDEN. HE'S GOT TONNED WORMS THIS LONG!"



"I KNOW IT'S YOUR GOOD CAMERA, DAD! I WANT THIS TO BE A GOOD PICTURE!"



"CLEAN PEOPLE MAKE ME NERVOUS!"

